THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 29, 1804.

The TEARS *of* AFFECTION.

A pathetic Tale, founded on Fact.

IN the weſt of England there reſided a clergyman, whoſe manners were irreproachable, and whoſe life was exemplary. He performed the duties of his pariſh with the greateſt fidelity. The poor found in him a ſteady friend. His houſe was the receptacle of the friendleſs, and his heart felt for the diſtreſſes of mankind in general. He in time became acquainted with Amanda, the daughter of a reſpectable merchant in London, who was on a viſit in a neighbouring town. The acquaintance terminated in marriage, which gave birth to Honorio, who was early initiated in the elements of uſeful learning. His mind was impreſſed with religious principles, even from a child. His diſpoſition was formed for ſociety, and though young, diſcovered an attachment to thoſe of a ſimilar diſpoſition. A beloved ſiſter engroſſed his affections, and, as age matured his judgment, he diſcovered in her every thing that was amiable: but providence was pleaſed to remove her from this world, and Honorio was left to condole his loſs.

The tears of affection flowed freely on account of her death. He would often lament and ſay, "O! my dear Maria, you are taken from me at a time when I wanted your company; our hearts and diſpoſitions were congenial, and though we part on earth, we ſhall meet again to part no more." He recollected their childiſh amuſements, and how frequently they retired from their ſchool-fellows to play with each other.

As Honorio was poſſeſſed of a feeling heart, it cannot be conceived that he would be indifferent to modeſt worth. Eliza was

formed to make her friends happy, and Honorio perceived in her every thing that was excellent. The firſt interview was agreeable, but a few years rendered their acquaintance a paradiſe on earth. There was not the leaſt ſecret but what was revealed to each other. Morning walks tended to conſolidate their eſteem. Religion itſelf lent them her celeſtial aid. They frequented the ſame church, and their piety was the ſame.

Honorio eſteemed the character of Eliza; ſhe appeared poſſeſſed of every amiable quality. The more he knew her, the more he loved her. A peculiar ſoftneſs and modeſty were in her diſpoſition. No anger ruffled her heavenly mind. Attentive to her parents, ſhe readily obeyed their commands. She perceived the growing affection of Honorio, and had not the leaſt deſire to check it, as his intentions were honourable. Eliza ſaw in him what ſhe conceived was abſolutely needful to make her happy, ſo that ſhe anticipated their intended union with pleaſure.

Honorio was all of a ſudden taken exceeding ill. Eliza was of courſe very much alarmed, and the tears of affection bedewed her lovely cheeks. Memorable was the time when ſhe took him by the hand, and, as if anticipating his death, ſhe exclaimed, "If you be taken from me, I ſhall die in deſpair. Heaven knows the ſincerity of my regard, and that my heart, Honorio, is affectionately your's for ever. Death itſelf cannot divide us, for we are ſo cloſely united in affection, that as kindred ſpirits we ſhall live together for ever!"

Honorio liſtened with attention to the voice of his Eliza, claſping her to his heaving boſom, and ſaid (tears of affection flowing from his eyes), "All that is lovely is centered in my deareſt friend, and may the union of our hearts be conſummated above! If my God take me from you, Eliza, I will watch over you as a guardian ſpirit, and will protect you from every danger; but he can yet reſtore me to health, and cauſe me to live for your ſake. If not (preſſing her hand, he exclaimed) my God, 'thy will be done,' and give reſignation to Eliza."

Providence, ever attentive to the prayers of the righteous, reſtored Honorio to his health; but his reſtoration was gradual. Who can conceive the happineſs of Eliza? She offered to Heaven her warmeſt acknowledgments, in a way of gratitude. Sympathy, which makes us feel for the miſeries of others, increaſed the eſteem of Honorio: He gratefully returned the kindneſs of Eliza by every poſſible attention, and did all in his power to make her happy. Thus their years rolled on, and their intended union would have been conſummated, if a lingering illneſs had not prevented it. Eliza begins to feel the ſymptoms of a decay, and concludes it to be a conſumption.

Honorio

Honorio is alarmed at the intelligence. He feels exquiſitely for the object of his affection. He takes her by the hand and ſays (giving her a proof of affection), "Are you going to leave me?" The manner of addreſs, together with her ſenſibility overpowered her, and the tears of affection flowed. Phyſicians are ſent for, but a dangerous caſe baffles their ſkill, and Eliza is ſoon pronounced in imminent danger of her life. Honorio ſcarcely ever leaves her, but diſcovers the ſincerity of her regard. He offers to Heaven his warmeſt prayers for her preſervation, but they are not anſwered. Eliza feels the effects of her diſorder; her cheeks grow pale; her ſtrength diminiſhes; her ſpeech faulters; and, taking Honorio by the hand, with piety in her looks, ſhe takes her flight to the manſions of bleſſedneſs.

Honorio felt his loſs. The tears of affection flowed in great abundance; and, if religion had not lent her friendly aſſiſtance, he would have died in deſpair; but he expects to meet her again in a better world—to part no more!

A Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Political View of the Iſland of St. Domingo.

(Continued from Page 330.)

AS ſoon as the commiſſioners of the executive directory landed in St. Domingo, they preſented the good will and reſpect of the French government to this negro chief, and, with a profuſion of new favours, acknowledged the ſervices he had rendered the republic by reſcuing their general from deſtruction, and protecting the conſtituted authorities from inſult. They invited him to freſh exertions; to render them new ſervices by driving the Engliſh from the colony, whoſe forces had, as we have before ſhewn, poſſeſſed themſelves of ſeveral diſtricts, and threatened every part with invaſion. It was, in fact, to his perſonal bravery and conduct that Mirabalais, Grand Bois, and ſeveral other places, werewreſted from the Britiſh arms. With the entire confidence of the French government, which he had gained by his valour in ſuccouring the republican general and the republican army; by oppoſing the Engliſh; but, above all, by the precious pledges which he had given to France for his future good faith, it is no wonder that he was veſted with entire power.

Before the end of the year he was created general in chief of the armies of St. Domingo. His zeal and exploits were made the ſubjects of eulogium in the tribune of the council of ancients, and all France was filled with the renown of Touſſain Louverture. Dazzled with the glory his own name and atchievements

chievements had raiſed, and grown impatient under the ſuperintending eye of the republican commiſſioner, Touſſaint formed a plan of ſending him back to France, and thought he could do without controul whatever his pleaſure or ambition might ſuggeſt. This was a favourable moment for ſuch a project, as that very commiſſioner had juſt been denounced in the tribune of five hundred by Vaublanc and other deputies. Our negro general had gained a great number of the officers over to his propoſal; but Etienne Mentor, at that time adjutant-general, ſteadily reſiſted it. This officer, ſuſpecting what might be the ultimate effect of ſuch a meaſure, if allowed to be carried, had the courage to aſſemble the officers, and inform them of his fears. He adminiſtered the oath of fidelity to the French republic, and death to whomſoever might ſpeak of a ſeparation from the mother country.

As ſoon as Touſſaint was informed of what had been done by Mentor, he ſent Chriſtophe (the ſame who ſet fire to Cape Francois) to arreſt him, and he was immediately lodged in priſon.*

This

* Mentor was a free negro, and became proprietor of an eſtate at St. Pierre, Martinique, where he was born in 1771. Nature had beſtowed thoſe qualities on him which enabled him to bear the fatigues and viciſſitudes of war; and education had given him principles which embelliſh the times of peace. The revolution held up to his view the alternative of liberty or ſlavery. He was of Cato's opinion, that a man ſhould take one ſide or the other in a national queſtion. When the freedom of the negroes was proclaimed by France, he ſwore to enforce the decree, but to be faithful to the generous country which gave birth to it. He was raiſed to the rank of captain of chaſſeurs, and commanded a battery attacked by the Engliſh, which he defended bravely, not ſurrendering till all his men were killed or wounded. As a priſoner, he was put on board a ſhip for England, but, on his way here, conceived and executed the ſcheme of ſeizing the veſſel: he conducted her to France, and made a campaign under Weſtermann againſt the rebels of La Vendee. He was next attached to the chief ſtaff in St. Domingo, and placed near to Touſſaint, whoſe confidence he gained by his military talents and character. It was in his duty of adjutant-general that he diſcovered the ambitious deſign of his chief. When he oppoſed it, he incurred his vengeance; but Mentor was no ſooner releaſed from the confinement his oppoſition had drawn him into, than he was rewarded by the ſuffrages of the people in electing him their deputy to the council of five hundred. He perpetually reminded his hearers of the ambitious projects of Touſſaint, and gave into the executive directory ſeveral memorials of his fears for the probable loſs of the iſland of St. Domingo to the mother country. This conduct ſhewed his diſcernment; but there was one act of his which diſplayed a quality far ſuperior to that,—his humanity. He was in the harbour of Breſt aboard the frigate La Creole, when a ſeaman fell overboard; and, being carried away by a high ſea,

was

This meaſure did not terrify the officers, who were ſo ſtrongly attached to the mother country; and General Leveille and Colonel Gaſſonville loudly expreſſed their indignation at Touſſaint's project, and even propoſed to put him under an arreſt. He was ſo apprehenſive ſuch a ſtep would be taken againſt him, that he retired to La Petite Anſe. Santhonax, the civil governor (who has been ſo often mentioned), finding that Touſſaint had aſſembled all his troops together, and in the madneſs of his rage had propoſed an univerſal maſſacre and plunder, thought it would be deemed as wiſe as humane in him to withdraw, and not expoſe the unhappy city to the vengeance of civil war and conflagration.

Whether the black general conceived that his treatment of the French commiſſioner might draw the reſentment of the government upon him before he ſhould be prepared to reſiſt it, or that his own intentions were as loyal as they had appeared to be frank, we cannot ſay; but he diſpatched three agents to France, one a negro, one a mulatto, and the other M. Vincent of the engineers, to denounce Santhonax to the directory as intending to uſurp the ſupreme power of the colony. His accuſation was credited, and he triumphed over Santhonax. He was again hailed as the ſaviour of St. Domingo, and the directory ſent him rich preſents of a coſtly dreſs, a ſuperb ſabre, and ſeveral pair of piſtols of the manufacture of Verſailles.

Santhonax had left Raymond (at that time a favourite with Touſſaint) as the ſubſtitute of his ſhadowy power; but, upon his demanding an account of money left by Santhonax in the coffers of government, he gave umbrage to the general, whoſe will, in ſeveral inſtances, he had lately oppoſed. The garriſon of the Cape, having received no pay ſince the departure of Santhonax, revolted, and flew to arms; and Raymond, fearing their fury might be turned againſt himſelf by the ſecret emiſſaries of the general, reſigned the adminiſtration altogether into Touſſaint's hands. The readineſs of the ſacrifice, however appeaſed the negro chief, and Raymond by his influence was elected deputy to the legiſlative body, which election was, in fact, only the baniſhing a man from the colony who ſtood in the general's way.

The government of France did not like to leave the whole adminiſtration, civil and military, in the hands of Touſſaint, whatever exterior marks of confidence they might have ſhewn him. They ſent General Hedouville, a man of good character and

was lamented as loſt, being thought out of the reach of help. Mentor, like his nameſake and guardian of Telemachus, leaped into the ſea at the hazard of his own life, and brought the drowning man ſafe to the ſhip!!

and military knowledge, to endeavour to repair the diſaſter of ſo valuable a colony, and to ſecure it to the mother country.

Hedouville arrived at the Cape juſt as General Maitland had propoſed to Touſſaint to evacuate St. Mark, Port au Prince, Jeremie, the Mole, and other places in the poſſeſſion of the Britiſh forces. The propoſition was conveyed to Hedouville, who readily accepted of the overture, with the power of regulating the treaty in a certain inſtance, which terrified the emigrant coloniſts then reſident in the places occupied by the Engliſh. They tore down the proclamations of the French commiſſioner, and this proceeding threw the greater influence into Touſſaint's hands. He ſigned the capitulation General Maitland drew up without the participation of Hedouville.

The favourable terms obtained by the Engliſh general (and which were, in fact, in the ſpirit of a conqueror more than a commander whom unforeſeen accidents had obliged to draw off his forces,) gave occaſion to Mentor, then in France, and through him to ſeveral of the Pariſian journals, as we before obſerved, to cry out, " traitor!" And to this event, perhaps, more than to any other, may the origin of the decline in the black chief's popularity be aſcribed. He was in the difficult ſituation we deſcribed Dumourier to have been in, who would certainly have been put to death, had he obeyed the orders of the convention, by appearing at its bar. Touſſaint had now gone too far to recede. His contempt of the authority of Hedouville, the lawful commiſſioner of the mother country, could not be explained away for his ſafety. His danger, therefore, made him deſperate; and perhaps this was the preciſe moment which influenced him to adopt that decided line of conduct which his enemies affirm was conſiſtent with his firſt deſign, but which he hypocritically maſked to the laſt.

If his wiſh, as his adverſaries ſay, was all along to deceive, they cannot deny but he was eaſily and fatally deceived himſelf. He ſhould have entered into no parley with thoſe who had an intereſt in his deſtruction. Under fair promiſes, he was induced to lay down his truncheon, which all the power in France could never have compelled him to do. Had he ſtood out he might have baffled a force which reduced ſix crowned heads, and more than an equal number of ſovereign ſtates, to ſue for peace: the ultimate ſucceſs he could not have failed to obtain, would have gained him opinion, and given him renown. Bonaparte touched and ſoftened him by the language he uſed in his private letter: " brother ſoldier, fellow conqueror," &c. &c. In ſhort, in the affair of treaty, *honeſt black* was not a match for the *artful white*. Touſſaint gave himſelf to the conqueror of Marengo, and what was done with him, God and a few confidential friends only know.

Soon after his arrival in France, his death was announced; and, as this period follows ſo cloſe upon the retiring of the Engliſh forces from St. Domingo, and the peace between England and France, we ſhall haſten to conclude this hiſtorical ſketch.

(To be continued.)

Narrative of the Life of the late eccentric Mr. James Huddleſtone Wynn.

AMONG the minor ſtars of his day, none ſhone with greater luſtre than Mr. J. H. Wynn; a man ſo attached to honourable purſuits, that in the midſt of abject poverty, no pecuniary advantage could tempt him to commit a mean action, or conduct himſelf, while temperate, derogatory to the principles of a gentleman. Eccentricities he poſſeſſed in abundance, which often made him ſubject to the ridicule of the ungenerous.

The man of diſcrimination knew his merit, beheld him the ruby among pebbles, and when he could not relieve, commiſerated from humane motives.

Mr. Wynn was of a very reſpectable family in Wales. His father, from misfortunes, having reduced his fortune, wiſely reſolved on a profeſſion for young James, and that of a compoſitor was determined on for the hero of theſe memoirs, at which he worked with that celebrated worthy, Benjamin Franklin, afterwards the lawgiver of America; but, from what motive I never could learn, he became diſguſted with his profeſſion, and obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment about to ſet out for India. The iraſcibility of Mr. Wynn's temper was ſuch, that it for ever kept him in hot water; he had not proceeded far on his voyage before he quarrelled with his brother officer, who refuſed to meſs with him, and actually left him behind when the ſhip arrived at the Cape; from whence he returned to England, and meeting with a young lady of property he entered into a ſtate of matrimony. It was about this time Mr. Wynn thought of commencing author, and his firſt application in that way was to Mr. George Kearſley, bookſeller, in Fleet-ſtreet, from whoſe liberality he was enabled to gain a ſupport for his family. He had two other employers, one in Paternoſter-row, the other in May-fair. For the firſt he was doomed periodically to write rebuſſes and enigmas; for the other, petty fables, children's leſſons in verſe, or deviſe new fangled modes of playing the game of the gooſe.

As theſe two pillars of literature lived at ſo great a diſtance apart, our poor poet, who had ſuffered a total derangement of the muſcles of his right leg, was almoſt reduced to a ſkeleton,

by

by his frequent attendance on them; when he had written a dozen lines for a child's play-card, or the half page of a monthly magazine, our poet was obliged to go with his ſtock of commodity, from Bloomſbury, where he occupied an attic, firſt to May-fair, and then to Paternoſter-row, and the remuneration he met with for the effuſions of his brain, was frequently inſufficient to procure him the means of exiſtence. No man could be more ſenſible of his miſeries than Mr. Wynn, and he would often complain, in ſevere terms, of the want of generoſity in his employers. The literary productions of Mr. Wynn are numerous, and ſome written for his amuſement full of merit, ſtrongly evincing flights of true genius. His "Hiſtory of Ireland" the critics of his day belaboured with Herculean clubs, (but critics frequently diſplay much ill-nature, and but little candour). His "Miſeries of Authorſhip" does his feeling much credit; and his poem "The Proſtitute," is full of moral and tender ſentiment—the offspring of a good heart. Many others, his pieces, have much to recommend them, and would not diſgrace men of much greater celebrity. In his paſtorals he has not been ſo ſucceſsful; when we read them, they remind us of a ſaying of the gentle Shenſtone, that it is not a piping of the ſhepherd we hear, but the bleating of his ſheep.

Mr. Wynn, (as before obſerved) was not without his eccentricites, and ſome of them ſo inflated with pride, that their poſſeſſor appeared truly ridiculous. The nobleſt minds are ever hardieſt in diſtreſs, but Mr. Wynn was inſolent in rags, turbulent when in want of a meal, and would inſult his beſt friend for doing him an act of kindneſs unſolicited; of which the following anecdote is an inſtance.

Mr. Wynn's figure was below the middle ſtature; his face thin and pale; his head thinly covered with black hair, collected in a tail about the thickneſs of a tobacco-pipe. His emaciated right leg was ſuſtained by an unpoliſhed iron; he wore his gloves without fingers, and his clothes in tatters. In ſuch trim, he one day, entered Mr. Kearſley's, bookſeller, in Fleet-ſtreet, who poſſeſſed a heart ſuſceptible of every good, and a ſpirit ever ready to relieve diſtreſs. Mr. Kearſley's ſhop was the lounge for gentleman of literary attainments, who ſtopped to enquire the occurrences of the day, and ſeveral perſons of faſhion were preſent when Mr. Wynn entered, and began to talk in a way that ſhewed a want of good breeding; his ſhabby appearance, together with his unbridled loquacity, threw Mr. Kearſley into a fever, until he had got rid of him; after which, moved at the indelicacy of Wynn's appearance, Mr. Kearſley, from the pureſt motives, took a ſuit of his clothes almoſt new, and with other appendages, bundled them together in a handkerchief, and with a polite note, ſent them after Mr. Wynn to

his lodgings. As this was done without the knowledge of a third perſon, and in ſo polite a way, it would not be unreaſonable to ſuppoſe Mr. Wynn received the gift with thankfulneſs, at leaſt with good manners; but the reſult proved otherwiſe—he ſtormed like a madman, and in a rage returned the bundle, though he was covered with rags like a pauper: writing by the porter, that the pity he experienced was brutality—the officiouſneſs to ſerve him inſolence; and if Mr. Kearſley did the like again till he was requeſted, he would chaſtiſe him in another way. This would have been a wren pouncing upon an eagle, for Mr. Kearſley was a tall ſtout man, a Coloſſus to Wynn.

Notwithſtanding the above, Mr. Wynn was not without his attachment to dreſs and faſhion. A ſhort time previous to his publiſhing his Hiſtory of Ireland, Mr. Wynn expreſſed a deſire to dedicate it to the duke of Northumberland, who was juſt returned from being lord lieutenant of that country; for this purpoſe he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was acquainted with Mr. Wynn's wiſhes, and Dr. Percy went as a meſſenger of glad tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction; the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor, who in the moſt delicate terms begged his acceptance of an almoſt new ſuit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This the doctor urged, would be the beſt, as there was not time to provide a new ſuit, and other things neceſſary for his debut, as the duke had appointed the Monday in the next week to give the hiſtorian an audience. Mr. Wynn approved of the doctor's plan in all reſpects, and the ſame day the clerical black adorned the attic, in a ſtable-yard, near Montague-houſe; in the mean time Mr. Wynn had prepared a ſet ſpeech, and a manuſcript of the dedication.

But to digreſs a little, it muſt be underſtood Dr. Percy was conſiderably, in ſtature, above Mr. Wynn, and his coat ſufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him. The morning came for the author's public entry at Northumberland Houſe: but alas! one grand miſtake had been made in the hurry of buſineſs, no application had been made to the taylor for the neceſſary alteration of his clothes: however, great minds are not caſt down by ordinary occurrences. Mr. Wynn dreſſed himſelf as well as he could deviſe in Dr. Percy's friendly ſuit, together with a borrowed ſword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity; then, taking leave of his trembling wife, he ſet off for the great houſe in the Strand.

True to the moment he arrived, Dr. Percy attended, and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whoſe figure at this time preſented the appearance of a ſuit of ſables hung on an hedge ſtake, or one of thoſe bodileſs forms we ſee ſwinging on a dyer's pole.

On his introduction Mr. Wynn began his formal addreſs; and the noble duke was ſo moved at the ſingularity of the poet's appearance, that in ſpite of his gravity, he burſt the bond of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavour to reſtrain riſibility, leaped from his chair, forced a purſe of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynn's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what uſe he pleaſed of his name and patronage.

In the year 1780, Mr. Wynn addreſſed an ode to her majeſty on her birth-day, beginning,

" Heard ye the welcome ſound of joy?
" Heard ye the ſmiling notes of praiſe?
" What theme like virtue can employ
" The lyre, or wake the poet's lays?"

This little piece was well received, and a more favoured laureat has ſince not thought it beneath his character to imitate. Mr. Wynn began now to extend his fame, and ſeveral periodical bookſellers, with great eagerneſs, ſolicited his literary aſſiſtance.

The Rev. Dr. Madan had juſt written and publiſhed a very ſingular book in vindication of polygamy, called " Thelyphthora." It was compoſed purpoſely to extenuate the conduct of a rich merchant in the borough, a friend of Dr. Madan's, who had married two wives, and (what muſt appear very extraordinary) lived in tolerable harmony with both, under the ſame roof. This book, Mr. Wynn borrowed, and returned it again with the following epigram, written on one of the leaves in red ink.

" If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
" 'Tis a very good match between Mary and John!
" But if John weds a ſcore—O what claws and what ſcratches!
" It can't be a match, but a bundle of matches!"

A hundred more inſtances might be produced of Mr. Wynn's ready wit and humour; but as they ſtill live in the memory of his friends, we ſhall conclude with obſerving, that his only faults were, negligence, with reſpect to exterior appearance, and obſtinacy in refuſing to accept obligations, tendered from the pureſt motives, by many who were deſirous of ſerving him in diſtreſs. His whole garb, at times, was not worth a crown, notwithſtanding which, he was met with reſpect. His morals were noble, and thoſe who had the advantage of his friendſhip received him with a ſmile, and were happy to ſay with Shakeſpeare—

" ——Even

" ——Even in theſe honeſt, mean habiliments
" Our purſes ſhall be proud—
" For, 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
" And, as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
" So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit;
" What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
" Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
" Or, is the adder better than the eel,
" Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?"

At length nature began to decay; his limbs and intellects forſook him; but the affection of his children threw a veil over his infirmities. Upon the great ſtage of life, he acted well his part, and here we drop the curtain.

INSTANCES *of the* POVERTY *of* LEARNED MEN.

FORTUNE has rarely condeſcended to be the companion of merit. Even in theſe enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obſcurity, while their reputation was widely ſpread; and have periſhed in poverty, while their works were enriching the bookſellers.

Homer, poor and blind, reſorted to the public places to recite his verſes for a morſel of bread. The facetious poet, Plautus, gained a livelihood by aſſiſting a miller. Xylander ſold his notes on Dion Caſſius for a dinner. Alde Manutius was ſo wretchedly poor, that the expenſe of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him inſolvent.

To mention thoſe who left nothing behind them to ſatisfy the undertaker were an endleſs taſk. Agrippa died in a workhouſe. Cervantes is ſuppoſed to have died with hunger. Camoens was deprived of the neceſſaries of life, and is believed to have periſhed in the ſtreets.

The great Taſſo was reduced to ſuch a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to ſubſiſt through the week: he alludes to his diſtreſſes in a pretty ſonnet, which he addreſſes to his cat, entreating her to aſſiſt him during the night with the luſtre of her eyes. " Non avendo candele per iſcrivere i ſuoi verſi!" having no candle by which he could ſee to write his verſes.

The illuſtrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languiſhed in his old age, in the moſt diſtreſsful poverty; and, having ſold his palace to ſatisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Le Sage reſided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris; and ſupplied the world with the moſt agreeable romances, while he never knew what it was to poſſeſs any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters.

De Ryer, a celebrated French poet, was conſtrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obſcure village. His bookſeller bought his heroic verſes for 100 ſols the hundred lines, and the ſmaller ones for 50 ſols. Dryden, for leſs than 300l. ſold Tonſon ten thouſand verſes, as may be ſeen by the agreement which has been publiſhed. Purchas, who, in the reign of our firſt James, had ſpent his life in travels and ſtudy, to form his "Relation of the World," when he gave it to the public, for the reward of his labours was thrown into priſon at the ſuit of his printer; yet this was the book, which, he informs us in the dedication to Charles I. his father read every night with great profit and ſatisfaction.

Savage, in the preſſing hour of diſtreſs, ſold that eccentric poem, "The Wanderer," which had occupied him for ſeveral years, for 10l. Even our great Milton, as every one knows, ſold his immortal work for 10l. to a bookſeller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account; and Otway, a dramatic poet of the firſt claſs, is known to have periſhed with hunger.

Samuel Boyce, whoſe poem on deity ranks high in the ſcale of poetic excellence, was abſolutely famiſhed to death, and was found dead in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his ſhoulders, and faſtened by a ſkewer, with a pen in his hand! Chatterton, while he ſupplied a number of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found "a penny tart a luxury!" and a luxury it was to him, who could not always get bread to his water.

In a book, entitled "De Infortunio Literatorum," may be found many other examples of the miſeries of literary men.

ANECDOTE *of the late* JOHN ELLIS, Esq.

THIS gentleman, who was perhaps better known by the name of Jack Ellis, had been educated with a view to the polite arts, and had ſtudied under an eminent painter; but not finding his ſedentary profeſſion ſuit his volatile talents, he had left it, and for ſome time purſued a deſultory courſe of life. Neceſſity probably forced him to take up his pen; and having, by his political writings, attracted ſome notice, and, by being what was then termed "a violent party man," he was employed as agent in an election, which was not only ſtrongly conteſted on the ſpot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of ſome irregularity, brought by petition before the whole houſe of commons.

To the bar of the houſe Jack Ellis was brought on the part of the petitioning candidate, when he underwent a croſs-examination, of which the following is the ſubſtance:—"We underſtand,

ſtand, Mr. Ellis, that a very conſiderable ſum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpoſe of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any ſuch application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?—

"Indeed, Sir, I do: as agent, I know that *our party* bribed all that we could get to accept our money!"

At this acknowledgement a pauſe of aſtoniſhment ſeemed to pervade the houſe; a murmur ſucceeded, which only ſubſided upon a member's ſaying to the witneſs, "Your party did not carry the election!"

"No," returned Ellis, with great compoſure, "we did not."

"Well, but Mr. Ellis," ſaid the firſt queriſt, "is it not extraordinary, as you ſay you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member?"

"Not in the leaſt," ſaid Ellis.

"No: why how do you account for it?"

"Eaſily!" replied Ellis. "the oppoſite party *out-bribed* us."

At this there was an univerſal burſt of laughter.

"I ſhall not aſk you any more queſtions, Mr. Ellis," ſaid the interrogator, with great indignation.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

TO judge by certain frequenters of the Coblentz promenade, it is the jonquil for ribbands and bonnets that is at preſent a la mode; but, in general, to ſay the truth, it is the roſe, on ergandie, muſlin, or crape, that is the prevailing colour. More blacks are worn than ordinary. The French white, for ribbands, re-united by bands, with a ſparterie ground, is the laſt taſte of many faſhionables.

It appears that the inventors of faſhions, who could not ſucceed in making the ſparterie bonnets general, have redoubled their induſtry to derive ſome advantage from the ſparterie. The milleners have no novelties, except the heads of bonnets of ergandie or lace, attached to the carcaſe, the front of which has a very projected peak. Perkal bonnets are alſo worn; there is no alteration in their form. The ſmall collars to ladies' gowns have decidedly the preference to pelerines. Small plaited neck-cloths, or collars, have frequently been ſeen.

The jewellery moſt ſought for the waiſt is the plagues jumelles, ſurrounded with fine pearls; diadems of gold, pearl neck-laces, and ear-rings of an oval form, alſo in pearls. We have only ſpoken of two kinds of oval ear-rings; to have a juſt idea of the third, it is neceſſary to have ſeen thoſe bonbonnieres,

or

or caſes, re-covered in pearls, and ſewed with ſilk, that have lately been preſented to travellers at the inn of the Miſs Aſliers. On a mould which has the form of an acorn, pearls of an equal ſize are paſted on, and not the ſmalleſt ſpace is allowed between them.

The moſt tranſparent ſtuffs (the lawn, for inſtance) are the faſhion, when the gown is embroidered in wool of ſeveral colours. Taffeta gowns are alſo worn; or percal embroidered with white ſilk. The deſigns of the laſt taſte are flies in embоſſed work, and diſperſed with a kind of ſymmetry and profuſion on the ſtuff.

The dancers make diſcoveries more and more profound, and they dance with a more rapid progreſs: a diſtinguiſhed dancer has lately created a new ſtep, entitled the Hortenſia ſtep. This is the neweſt ſtep, the moſt in faſhion, and all our faſhionables accoſt each other with "Do you know the Hortenſia ſtep?"

Ear-rings and ſculptured ſhell neck-laces, imitating antiques, are again adopted: when a belle does not wear her diamonds or pearls, ſhe takes her ſhells.

The hats that we believe to be the neweſt are of white ſtraw; thoſe of a large ſhape have the rim turned up before, and ſewed to the ſhape behind. The white ribband which ſerves for an ornament, has ſmall embroideries; and the flowers which adorn it are white or coquelicot, diverſified with red.

For the laſt few days, ſmall bonnets, almoſt without ſides, have been worn, which are ornamented all round with puckered crape and ribbons. Theſe ſmall bonnets hide the hair, and admit, almoſt on the forehead or one of the temples, a ripe ear of corn or a bunch of roſe-coloured flowers.

The hair head-dreſſes again adopted, or, to ſpeak more plainly, the wig head-dreſſes deſcending very low over the neck and on the forehead, and very cloſe to the temples, are the moſt eſteemed hair head-dreſſes. Not a ſingle natural hair muſt be ſeen hanging on the neck or forehead; the peruke muſt be very adherent and very ſmooth, ſo that it may ſit as exact as if on the block.

In the half dreſs, the hair is not diſpoſed with the ſame exactneſs; it is not even uncommon to ſee hair of an inch in length, and of a different colour to that of the peruke, hanging freely over the neck. The perukes a la mode are black, or of a dark chеſnut colour; the Titus is totally out of faſhion.

The ſilk fillets are becoming more common: there were ſome at Ranelagh of roſe-colour, dark green, and crimſon. A gold net was the ground of a head dreſs, which, before and behind, repreſented hair plaited and diſpoſed a la Grecque. Another was quite Etruſcan; the hind part was formed of a diadem reverſed, of red cloth, on which black ornaments were painted.

The diadem, which clofely confined all the hair, in order to give it a long ſhape, was tied in the front, whilſt a comb, with a gold arch, mounted with pearls of a milk-white colour, was repreſented on the top of the head. Tuſcan ornaments, at the extremities of the ſleeves and on the waiſt, accompanied this head dreſs.

Gowns of white crape, ornamented with coquelicots, placed at certain diſtances, have been ſeen at balls. Roſe-coloured gowns had bunches of white flowers with green leaves, or entirely white. The moſt prevailing gowns were of the cherry colour; ſome of crape, the others of clear muſlin: they were ornamented with flowers or white ribbands. On ſhort ſleeves very large from the top, were ſewed, in all their width, three ribbands, which were puckered from the extremity of the end to the ſleeve. Many black ribbands were ſeen on la Peleure, forming faſhes and ornaments, on white gowns.

RECIPE *for* ESTABLISHING TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

IN Pliny's natural hiſtory we find a curious receipt for making the Roman friendſhip, a cordial, that was univerſally eſteemed in thoſe days, and very few families of any credit were without it. In the ſame place, he ſays, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greateſt perfection. The old Roman friendſhip was a compoſition of ſeveral ingredients, of which the principal were,

Union of hearts, (a fine flower that grew in ſeveral parts of the empire), ſincerity, frankneſs, diſintereſtedneſs, pity, and tenderneſs, (of each an equal quantity). Theſe were all mixed with two rich oils, which they called perpetual kind wiſhes; and ſerenity of temper; and the whole was ſtrongly perfumed with the deſire of pleaſing, which gave it a moſt grateful ſmell, and was a ſure reſtorative in all ſorts of vapours. This cordial was of ſo durable a nature, that no length of time could waſte it. And what is very remarkable, ſays our author, it increaſed in weight and value the longer you kept it.

The moderns have moſt groſsly adulterated this fine receipt; ſome of the ingredients indeed are not to be found, but what they impoſe upon you as friendſhip, is as follows:

Outward profeſſions, [a common weed that grows every where] inſtead of the flower of union; the deſire of being pleaſed; a large quantity of ſelf-intereſt, conveniency, and reſervedneſs (many handfuls); a little pity and tenderneſs.

But ſome pretend to make it up with theſe two laſt, and the common oil of inconſtancy, which, like our linſeed oil, is cold drawn every hour, ſerves to mix them together. Moſt of theſe ingredients

ingredients being of a periſhable nature, it will not keep, and ſhews itſelf to be counterfeit, by leſſening continually in weight and value.

Obſervations on the Gimmal or Gemmow Ring, lately dug up at Horſley-down, in Surrey.

THIS ring, according to its name, is conſtructed of twin or double hoops, which play within one another, like links of a chain. Each hoop has one of its ſides flat, the other convex; each is twiſted once round, and each ſurmounted by a hand, iſſuing from an emboſſed fancy-work wriſt or ſleeve; the hand riſing ſomewhat above the circle, and extending in the ſame direction. The courſe of the twiſt, in each hoop, is made to correſpond with that of its counterpart, ſo that, on bringing together the flat ſurfaces of the hoops, the latter immediately unite in one ring.

On the lower hand, or that of which the palm is uppermoſt, is repreſented a heart; and, as the hoops cloſe, the hands ſlide into contact, forming, with their ornamented wriſts, a head of the whole. The device preſents a triple emblem, of love, fidelity, and union. Upon the flat ſide of the hoops are engraven, "uſe de vertu; and on the inſide of the lower wriſt, the figures "990." The whole is of pure gold, and weighs two penny-weights, four grains.

It is of foreign workmanſhip, and appears to be of no great antiquity, perhaps about the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the figures were probably meant not to expreſs a date, but the artiſt's number, ſuch as we ſtill ſee engraven on watches.

Rings, it is well known, are of great antiquity, and in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government, which were communicated, ſymbolically, by the delivery of a ring to the perſon on whom they were meant to be conferred. This was the caſe with Pharoah when he committed the government of Egypt to Joſeph.

In conformity to this ancient uſage the chriſtian church afterwards adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a ſymbol of the authority which the huſband gave the wife over his houſehold, and over the earthly goods with which he endowed her.

The gimmal ring is comparatively of modern date, for which we are indebted to the French, whoſe ſkill in diverſifying the ſymbols of the tender paſſion has continued unrivalled, and in the language of whoſe country the mottoes employed on almoſt all amorous trifles are ſtill to be found. And it muſt be allowed that the double hoop, each apparently free yet inſeparable, both

formed for uniting, and complete in their union, affords a not unapt repreſentation of the married ſtate.

Among the numerous love-tokens which lovers have preſented to their miſtreſſes in all ages, the ring bears a conſpicuous part; nor is any more likely than the gimmal to "ſteal the impreſſion of a miſtreſſes fautacy," as none ſo clearly expreſſes its errand.

From a ſimple love-token the gimmal was at length converted into a ſerious "ſponſalium annulus," or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his miſtreſs her's through the other, were thus ſymbolically yoked together; a yoke which neither could be ſaid wholly to wear, one half being allotted to one, and an equal portion to the other. And in the uſe of the gimmal may be ſeen typified a community of intereſts, mutual forbearance, and a participation of authority.

The French term for it is "foi," or "affiance," which latter word in the "Dictionnaire de Trevoux," is defined, "bague ou jonc que l'accordé donne à ſon accordée, ou il y a un fil d'or, et un fil d'argent." This definition not only ſhews the occaſion of its uſe, but ſuppoſes the two hoops to be compoſed, one of gold, the other of ſilver; a diſtinction evidently meant to characterize the bridegroom and bride. Thus Columella calls thoſe vines which produce two different ſorts of grapes "gemellæ vites."

Skinner and Ainſworth among ourſelves deduce gimmal from a Latin origin, uſed to ſignify ſomething of correſpondent parts or double. And Dr. Johnſon gives it a more extenſive ſignification: and explains gimmal to mean, "ſome little quaint devices, or pieces of machinery," though he is inclined to think the name gradually corrupted from geometry, becauſe any thing done by occult means is vulgarly ſaid to be done by geometry." The word is not uſed in Chaucer nor in Spencer: in Shakeſpeare it occurs two or three times; in one of which it ſeems to bear Dr. Johnſon's ſignification:

> "I think by ſome odd gimmals or device
> Their arms are ſet, like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on."

Upon which a commentator has the following note, "A gimmal is a piece of jointed work where one piece moves within another; whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now vulgarly called "gimcrack."

A QUESTION, *by R. Thomas, of Bridgewater.*

HOW is that number to be found whoſe ſquare is equal to five times its cube, and what is the number?

Anſwer, by W. Morgan, of Exeter, to J. Channon's Rebus, inſerted September 3.

AFTER ſhort ſearch your rebus did appear,
And OTTERY is the town in Devonſhire.

☞ We have received ſimilar anſwers from Palladore; William Commins, S. Murch, W. Strong, and R. Holwell, of Exeter: W. Bickham, jun. and R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

Anſwer, by Primroſe, of Taunton, to J. Paſcal's Enigma, inſerted September 3.

FIRM to his toil, beneath the ſcorching ray,
The peaſant keeps, unus'd to ſlothful reſt;
And chearful ſings throughout the lengthen'd day,
While ſweet CONTENT pervades his peaceful breaſt.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Channon, of Otrery; William Strong, W. Commins, R. Holwell, S. Murch, Thomas Whicker, and P. Gove, of Exeter; Inamoratus, R. Mudge, and W. Bickham, of Aſhburton; G. Hann, and G. Holland, jun. of Stoke Abbot; Primroſe, of Taunton; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; William Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Whittle, of Upway; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; J. Lewis, of Poole; Thomas Coumbe, of St German's; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; and T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to T. Jarvis's Rebus, inſerted September 10.

WE ſtill, my friend, the goodneſs ſee,
Of God's all-bounteous hand;
For lo! the HARVEST now is in,
And plenty crowns the land.

§§ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, William Commins, R Holwell, and S. Murch, of Exeter; G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; W. Bickham, jun. and Inamoratus, of Aſhburton; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Arethus, of Redruth; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; E. Moon, of Wells; J. Lewis, of Poole; and Recluſe, of Awliſcombe.

A REBUS, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

ONE half of a bird, and a colour unite,
The name of a fruit they will bring to your ſight.

A REBUS, *by Sylvanus.*

A Foreign city, Sirs, you firſt muſt find;
And then an Engliſh county call to mind;
Next name the nobleſt of the beſtial train;
A famous mountain you will next explain;
A kingdom once renown'd in days of yore;
A river that in Scotland flows explore;
A bird that in Arabia's wilds abound;
Of war the martial goddeſs muſt be found;
The queen of iſles, and empreſs of the ſea;
Laſtly Agenor's daughter, Sirs, diſplay:
The initials join, and you will make appear,
My native place, where firſt I drew the air.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The SPIRITUAL GUIDE: *An* ALLEGORY.

By Mr. COWPER.

IF e'er bewilder'd in a mazy grove,
Perchance, ſome helpleſs children penſive ſtray,
Inceſſant thro' perplexing ways they rove,
Hail the firſt ſtranger, and enquire their way.

Happy if they a ſimple peaſant find,
Who deems his ſervice to the needy due;
Who ſuiting precepts to their infant mind,
Directs them in the path they ſhould purſue.

Their heedful feet with cautious ſteps proceed,
'Till from afar their eyes deſcry ſweet home:
The joyful ſight re-animates their ſpeed,
'Till to the period of their toil they come.

But if, alas! a Judas they ſalute,
Whoſe hypocritic heart is fraught with guile,
Soon they fall victims to the artful brute,
Who veils his malice with a treach'rous ſmile.

By craft deluded, ſee they fearleſs tread,
Nor dream of danger from the deadly ſnare,
'Till ruin rears aloft her horrid head,
Ejects kind hope, and uſhers in deſpair.

PART II.

Is not the world a heart-entangling wood,
Or term'd by ſome, an ocean tempeſt toſt?
But call it mazy copſe, or troubled flood,
Still 'tis the place where erring man is loſt.

Onward he wanders thro' the devious way,
As guilty pleaſure leads his thoughtleſs ſoul;
'Till Sinai's lightnings all around him play,
And Sinai's thunders all around him roll.

In this diſtreſs, O helpleſs ſinner! learn,
The conduct of a faithful guide to prize;
The only way by which you can return,
Cloſe by the foot of Calvary's mountain lies.

The faithful teacher evermore revere,
Pure in his manners, in his doctrine true;
Who ſounds the goſpel trumpet in your ear,
Who points a dying Saviour to your view.

Let moraliſts for morals wrangle ſtill;
Remember what the word of God decrees;
Be juſt, be moral, be whate'er you will,
Devoid of faith him you can never pleaſe.

On faith in Chriſt (that true foundation) rear
The whole of your obedience to the law;

Of

Of every ſin, in heart or life beware,
But all your hope from Jeſu's merit draw.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An ACROSTICK.

MAY innocence and truth, with ſenſe combin'd,
In life's ſhort ſpan ſtill deck thy lovely mind;
So ſim'lar virtues grace the realms of reſt,
Such reign triumphant in a Saviour's breaſt;
Will beauty claim reſpect, renown, and love?
Is meekneſs form'd to live with God above?
Let then my theme aſſume the roſe of fame!
Let kings revere, let all adore the name!
In health, in mirth, thou doom'd on earth to dwell,
So paſs thy days, on high, ſupreme, farewell!

L'Amour il a fait ecrivez.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A REFLECTION.

LIFE's early dawn is fled for ever;
And ſhall this boſom taſte again
Thoſe pleaſures unallied to pain?
Ah never!

Behold me now, the dupe of ſorrow;
The ſun of hope is ſet in clouds,
And fear with gloomy horror ſhrouds
To-morrow.

The ſportive muſe delights to cheriſh
Fond dreams of happineſs in ſtore;
But whilſt their mazes I explore
They periſh.

Ah! why then dread death's gloomy portal?
The barb of ſorrow it deſtroys,
And leads the virtuous ſoul to joys
Immortal.

Plymouth-Dock. PALEMON.

SONNET.

O Nature! ever may thy gentle ſway
Lead me a votary to thy ſimple ſhrine!
May no rude paſſion chaſe that ſenſe away,
That feels a bliſs in peaceful charms like thine!
Whether, in autumn's fleecy clouds enſhrin'd,
With yellow tints you touch the fading leaves,
Or raiſe before the reaper's grateful mind
Redundant grain to fill his future ſheaves;
The panting wanderer with the zephyr's breeze
Whether you cheer 'mid ſummer's noon-tide blaze,
Or paint with livelieſt green the budding trees,
When ſpring's ſoft warmth endears her milder days:
O may your ſeaſons ſtill that bliſs impart,
Free me from low deſires, and elevate my heart!

X. Y.